VAUX-HALL SPRING-GARDENS.

A TRIP TO VAUX-HALL:

Or, A General

SATYR on the TIMES.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

By HERCULES MAC-STURDY, *of the County of* Tiperary, *Esq;*

Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ.

OVID.

---- O Fortuna ut nunquam perpetuo es bona!

TERENCE.

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A

TRIP to *VAUX-HALL.*

TO pleaſe two Punks, who freely ſhare their Bounties;
Mercantile one, and one a rampant Counteſs,
Who taſte, without Reſerve, each tempting Joy;
And whom Love's luſcious Banquet ne'er can cloy;
Our Vehicle prepar'd at *Whitehall* Stairs,
And both the Whores deckt out in all their Airs;
Lolling in State with one on either Side,
And gently falling, with the Wind and Tide;
Laſt Night, the Evening of a ſultry Day,
I ſail'd, triumphant, on the liquid Way,
To hear the Fidlers of *Spring-Gardens* play;
To ſee the Walks, Orcheſtra, Colonades;
The Lamps and Trees in mingled Lights and Shades.
The Scene ſo new, with Pleaſure and Surpriſe,
Feaſted awhile our raviſhed Ears and Eyes.
The motly Croud we next with Care ſurvey,
The Young, the Old, the Splenetic and Gay:

The Fop emaſculate, the rugged Brave,
All jumbled here, as in the common Grave.
Here ſat a Group of 'Prentices, and there
The (1) awkard Daughters of a late Lord Mayor;
Next them a Country Bumpkin and his Couſin,
And, ſtuck about, Red-Ribbon'd Knights a Dozen;
Like ruddy Pinks, or Gilly-flowers in Pots;
'Mongſt Bawds, and Rakes, and Semptreſſes and Sots.

Here ſits my Lord with Veſt of Gold emboſs'd;
And there his Taylor ſighing for the Coſt.
One Month will ſee him to that Priſon ſent
Where, ſix Months paſs'd, his Lordſhip's (2) Butcher went.
His Children ſtarving on the Pariſh Care,
My Lord has left them now no better Fare.
No Matter---- tho' he's in the Butcher's Books,
His Bills unpaid, not ſo his new *French* Cooks;
Beſides my Lord, when he was to be paid,
Had loſt ſix Hundred Pounds at th' Maſquerade.
Had given *Faranelli* fifty more,
And laid out twenty in a Monkey for his Whore.
What are to him the Pangs of Vulgar Souls!
No Thought of thoſe a Noble's Joys controuls.
Let petty Cheats, who drive in humble Hack,
Dread Duns, they've no Protection to their Back.
But to return, and ramble round the Gardens,
His Lordſhip's Morals leave, not worth five Farthings.

(1) Theſe Ladies have expoſed themſelves pretty much of late.
(2) This Story is too well known to need any Explanation.

And

And meet (3) two Parſons, kept at conſtant Hire,
Domeſtick Chaplains of my Landlord T_{***},
Who, waddling with a Load of Guts before 'em,
Are, by their holy Looks to keep Decorum.
For whatſoe're the Doctors do in private,
No open Vice, but one, * they will connive at.

The doating Cit here hugs his wanton Wife,
Calls her his Sweeting, Fubſey, Duck and Life.
Nor grudges Ham, tho' (4) fourteen Pence an Ounce,
Whilſt Horns ſhe's making o'er the Cuckold's Sconce:
But to the Captain gives ſuch am'rous Leers,
As ſhew her Heart in his, and not her Dear's.
Tho' to this Grocer but two Winters wed,
Three 'Prentices at Home have ſhar'd his Bed;
Abroad ſix honeſt Countrymen of mine,
And of the Army Blades ſome thirty-nine.

See yonder gay *Flirtilla* laughing walk,
And with embroider'd *Strephon* ſeems to talk;
Each Syllable ſhe utters, hollows loud,
She anſwers him, but ſpeaks to all the Croud.
This Couple for each other are deſign'd,
But ſhe is making Love to all Mankind.
And he, whoſe only View in Wedlock's Pelf,
Can find no Charms in any but *Himſelf*.

(3) Two Reverend Gentlemen are commonly walking there; but what is ſaid of their being the Houſe Chaplains, may be apocryphal.
* It's thought the Author by that one means HYPOCRISY.
(4) This is pretty near the Price.

The

The dear, dear Looking-Glaſs, his ſole Delight,
No others Eyes ſo black, no Teeth ſo white.

Next theſe is haughty *Zara*, moving ſlow,
The Company, ſhe ſays, are mean and low:
Wonders, good Heaven! how ſhe chanc'd to come,
'Mong ſuch a Mob, ſo very far from Home:
This may ſeem decent Pride----- but not to all,
'Cauſe ſome have known her Father's Cobling (5) Stall.

Obſerve with what a fond paternal Care,
Yon courteous Knight beholds his Son and Heir;
Pleas'd with his ſtupid Look, in Rapture cries,
In Time this Boy'll teach Wiſdom to the Wiſe!
His Brilliant Parts in Time ſhall Nations glad;
In ſhort, he'll be the Picture of his Dad,
My Lady laughing in her Sleeve this while,
Caſts on the real Dad an am'rous Smile;
But's ſomewhat ſhock'd her Hero to explore,
Pent up in (6) Coop with forty Footmen more:
Oh that I were, cries ſhe, with honeſt *Saul*,
Taller than other Men, or with 'em all!
But barr'd from thence ſhe turns her View,
On the ſmug Waiter, with his Apron blue;
The painted Tin upon his riſing Creſt,
Pleaſes her Sight, and warms her am'rous Breaſt.

(5) Not far from *Newgate-Street*.
(6) A Kind of Kennel made on Purpoſe for the Footmen.

Not the blue Ribbon, with fam'd *Edward*'s Star,
Can with this Tapſter's Clout and Badge compare,
At Home, perhaps, with more than common Joy,
She'll hug her Knight, whilſt dreaming of this Toy.
He to reward her Love, and keep it ſtill,
Next Morn preſents ſome Jewel or ſome Bill,
This ſold or chang'd, Eftſoons a Part is ſent
To *Tom*, who gueſs'd laſt Night at what ſhe meant.
An Aſſignation's made by truſty *Nancy*,
Unleſs ſome other Slave firſt ſtrikes her Fancy.

The Knight, his Lady and their hopeful Son,
Thus reconnoitred, let us now paſs on,
And fix'd our Eyes upon a (7) Man of Worſhip,
Who runs a-muck, and worries Men, as Curs Sheep.
Who gets by daily Warrants daily Bread,
The Benches Honour, and his Neighbour's Dread.
Emblem of Juſtice! ruling in the Dark,
Who neither reads nor writes but ſets his Mark,
And leaves all learned Drudg'ry to his Clerk.
This Man who traded once in Soap and Candles,
Now all the Buſineſs of his Pariſh handles,
Handles indeed! but roughly you may ſay,
And, to increaſe his Wealth, makes Beggars pay.
No Stocks nor Whipping-Poſt but can declare
His Mercy to all Wretches in Deſpair.

(7) It may not be ſafe to mention his Name.

What Grizzly Forms are theſe, who Centry ſtand,
With glouting Looks, and Mopſtick in one Hand?
Prieſts of DIANA, ſet to guard the Grove
'Gainſt VENUS and her Son, the God of Love:
For ſuch the furious Heat of *Engliſh* Dames,
And ſuch the Swains ungovernable Flames,
That yet they any how but under Shelter,
Shameleſs! they'll all go to it helter skelter.

See modeſt *Fulvia*, how demure ſhe ſits!
One Word indecent throws her into Fits;
The Touch of Man will diſcompoſe her quite,
Yet in the Water ſhe indur'd the Sight,
Nor could the Fan diſplay'd conceal her ſtrong Delight.
With Head oft turning to the fading Shore,
She looks, and looks, till ſhe can ſee no more;
Unleſs ſome other *Triton* of the Flood
Starts up to charm her with a Scene as good.
Again her Eye-Balls roll, her Soul's on Fire,
Nor *Thames* himſelf can quench her hot Deſire.
With *Fulvia*'s Modeſty exactly ſuits
The Virtue of her Brothers, thoſe two Brutes,
Who, (8) both in Places, each a large Eſtate,
Behold their Father thro' a Priſon-Grate.

Of ſwarthy *JEWS*, next theſe, a greaſy Croud,
Againſt *Extortion* are declaiming loud;

(8) One in the Army.

'Tis

'Tis hard to give a Shilling none knows why,
The wet was right, but damn the Shilling dry.
The Thing's too ſerious to be nam'd in Scoff,
'Twas juſt put on when't ſhould be taken off.
Muſick may be, perhaps, of Love the Food,
But right old Port *or* Florence *Wine's as good.*
They wonder'd what the *Chriſtian Jew* could mean!
But had theſe ſtiff-neck'd *Iſraelites* e'er ſeen,
And ſeen, could any how contrive to read
The (9) cogent Reaſons why this Law's decreed;
They'd own them full of Truth, and Wit, and Senſe;
And far out-doing *Tully*'s Eloquence:
The *Vaux-hall* Style ſo pure, no Sentence harſh,
That *Rome* and *Athens* now muſt yield to *Lambeth-Marſh.*
Rot his Reaſ'ning, (cries Friend *Abr'ham,*) *all Stuff!*
Forge Tickets in ten Minutes! Time enough.
Then to proclaim his Waiters Rogues aloud!
Why not? You'll find more Rogues among the Croud.
Your Pocket may be pick'd by ſome (10) lac'd Lord;
If ſo, the Caution's good, and ſafe's the Word.

But why this Rout about a louſy Shilling?
Keep out, and ſh----t, cries $T^{*\,*\,*}_{*\,*\,*\,*}$ if you're not willing.
In *England* now can Muſick be too dear,
The Fiddles of all *Italy* tranſplanted here?

(9) *Vide*, London Daily Poſt.
(10) We have heard of a certain P———r, who ſtole a Bank Bill of one Hundred Pounds.

They

They ſtrive to charm not Souls that grudge their Chink:
And Muſick ne'er was fram'd for Men who think:
Or would ſo many thoughtleſs Boobies run
To ſqueaking Op'ra's till they're half undone?
Or Ladies worſhip *Farri* as a God?
Who, ſay ſome Criticks, rather is a Rod,
Or Scourge to laſh the Follies of the Age,
And drive all Senſe and Virtue from the Stage.

FINIS.